

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP

IN RELIGION

VOLUME XXII.]

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 24, 1888.

[NUMBER 13.]

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EDITORIAL.

WHAT is a *Tombola*? It is something for which "donations of fancy articles are solicited. The *tombola* will be held early in December."

SAYS the poet, Whittier, in a recent letter, "I like practical Christianity and the true following of the Master. I weary of creeds and dogmas more and more."

"WHEN I look at the congregation," said a London preacher, "I say, 'Where are the poor?' When I count the offertory in the vestry, I say, 'Where are the rich?'"

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED women of San Francisco appealed to the city to take the school out of politics by putting women on the board. The Republicans have nominated six women for these positions.

SAYS the *Christian Register*: "Unitarianism is regarded as unstable because it is progressive. Our friends complain that Unitarianism has not remained where it was fifty years ago. We are certainly glad it has not. There is little danger of its dying as long as it keeps in motion."

As a new and most promising indication of Unitarian activity in this city may be noted the Chicago Unitarian Club, recently organized for the promotion of good fellowship and good works among the Unitarians of the city and vicinity. We print in another column an account of the organization.

We have often protested against church-borrowings, but here is a form suggested by an exchange which perhaps even UNITY has too much overlooked: "One of the worst hindrances to church growth is the habit that some of the members have of always borrowing trouble and paying high rate of interest."

MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, speaking of the author of "Robert Elsmere," says: "She lives in Russell Square, not far from the British Museum, in a house full of books, and flowers, and pictures, and she has the good fortune to be the wife of a man whose scholarly tastes and literary achievements must insure the closest sympathy between them of thought and of aim."

SAYS the *Presbyterian*: "The formation of a separate independent colored Presbytery in Texas, is a significant hint of the preference of the colored brethren." But is it to be wondered at that such preference should exist in view of the very manifest race prejudice and proscription on the part of white Christians? Vain our banner and dream of "Unity," except we do what we can to erase the color-line.

THE late unsuccessful interview of sixty-seven Indian chiefs with the "Great Father" at Washington, and their rejection of the treaty proposed, calls forth a remark from Secretary of the Interior Vilas, to the effect that their personal ambition to continue chiefs, and their greater willingness to loaf around and live on Government rations than to work on farms, are the real reasons for such rejection. The *Advance* replies: "This is probably true, as some of these Indians have been at Washington before, and have seen

what the pale faces are doing in that line. Mr. Vilas himself is probably somewhat averse to retiring to the business of an ordinary citizen in Wisconsin."

It seems a pity that the conscientious work of many pastor and church committees among us in the way of church building is not made available for the use of new societies intending to build. This is a painful loss of accumulated and costly experience. Why could not sketch plans of the interior arrangement at least be kept at some central office for the guidance of anxious, inquiring ministers? Serious blunders might often be avoided, and valuable time saved.

A NEW Sunday-school manual is ready, No. XIX in our Western series,—“the Seven Great Teachers of the World.” It is a little outline of thirty-six lessons prepared by J. Ll. Jones. The “teachers” are Zoroaster, Moses, Confucius, Buddha, Socrates, Jesus, Mohammed. Each one has four or five lessons devoted to him, and each “lesson” consists simply of four or five questions, on which by teachers’ meeting or personal preparation the class-talks are to hang. At the end a few books easily obtained are named as helps. Price, mailed, five cents.

THE *Independent* contains an item too good to be overlooked at this time: “A large business firm recently posted in a conspicuous place for the reading of all its employes the following announcement: ‘In our company there are no friends to reward and no enemies to punish because of their political or religious opinions.’ This is just right, and the practice of the Government in making appointments and dealing with its employes should conform to this rule; and it will do so when Civil Service Reform shall have fully gained its end.”

IF AN exchange is to be credited, Mrs. Margaret Kane Fox, one of the famous Fox sisters of the Rochester rappings, has been making public confession at the Academy of Music, New York, that those rappings were a fraud, the raps being produced by the joints of the big toe. We know of nothing more lamentable in modern life than the wicked speculation of unscrupulous people in the divinest yearnings of the human heart. The gullibility of human nature, also, in the direction of their hopes, is most pathetic and instructive. The truth of spiritualism is not affected by any number of frauds, though it does show the importance of, so far as possible, grounding our religious faith and sense of deathlessness not upon the exceptional and the marvelous, but upon the universal, ever pressing, indubitable experiences of every-day life.

WHAT say our ministers to this suggestion which comes in a friend’s letter? “The habit of publishing sermons seems to be occurring, in the liberal churches especially, and it has occurred to me that it might be a good idea to give the men who thus print their sermons a chance of interchanging them. I do not know whether it is feasible to make an arrangement of this kind, but if UNITY sees any way to accomplish it, I am sure it would be mutually helpful. Why not insert a paragraph to some such effect as this: ‘The following ministers printing their sermons, or issuing parochial papers occasionally, would be glad to exchange with any others who are in the same habit.’ Then those who would like so to do can send in their names from week

to week, and a club of clerical exchanges grow up." We should be glad to hear from friends upon the point. Is the motion seconded?

THE *Christian Union* offers the following item, which we commend to those who delight in finding symbols and emblems in common things: "A Yale graduate, who was a student about thirty years ago, said, in speaking of the changes that had taken place since his time: 'I never knew whether to attach any significance to it or not, but when I was there the Law school adjoined the jail, the Medical college was next the cemetery, and the Divinity school was on the road to the poor-house.'"

THE *Open Court* gives an account of memorial services held at Cambridge, Mass., in honor of the late Professor Gunning, whose last work was done at Greeley, Col. Prayer was offered by Mr. Frederick May Holland, who made also an address. Mrs. Bisbee spoke, and hymns were sung. Mr. Holland gives high and deserved praise to his writings: "I remember no articles in the *Index* and the *Open Court* better than Professor Gunning's." He had rare qualities for teaching natural science. But "the same influences which have kept Frank Abbot from doing the work for which he was pre-eminently qualified as a Harvard professor, kept William D. Gunning also from his rightful place." A statement like this has another side to it, however. So far as the gift of a professorship is the recognition of merit and ability, we could sincerely desire it to be made. But when that office is saddled with the limitations too often accompanying it, it is not the place for a man of original research, or independent thought. Even the burden of routine work laid upon men in all the smaller colleges is severely restrictive; and a *doctrinaire*, in all but our largest universities, would certainly put the institution into hot water at once. Our feeling is that Professor Gunning, by his writings and lectures widely known throughout the land, did more for liberal thought, and for his views of science than would have been possible for him to do from any chair in any college.

"THE GROUND OF HOPE."

In a recent number of the New York *Independent* a leading editorial upon "The Ground of Hope" contains the following remarkable deliverance near the close. The italics are ours. "There is place and abundant place in the Christian life for all good works, for all religiousness in the way of appointed observance of ordinances, for the growth and development of character, and, of course, for all Christian experience wrought in us by the Holy Ghost; *but none nor all of these make the ground of hope.* It is Jesus only and his finished work that is the ground of justification." It is seldom that so bare and bold a statement as this finds its way into the more prominent religious journalism of the day, and its appearance in the *Independent* shows what a change has come over the earlier tone and spirit of that paper. That a man might be betrayed into such an utterance in the looseness of extemporaneous speech in a revival assembly is readily conceivable; but that an intelligent man should deliberately put it in writing to-day and send it forth to the world, passes our comprehension. But this has been done; and we are farther told that "every Christian as well as every inquirer should get this (above statement) clearly in mind as well as in heart." Not less striking is the close of the editorial in question: "Now, if God has worked this out for us, and assured us at the same time that 'other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ,' why should we look for anything else? If Christ's finished work satisfies him and all demands of righteousness, it ought to satisfy us."

We cannot for ourself feel quite so sure as the writer appears to be that God really spoke the quoted passage.

Paul did say it, however; and he also said something very suggestive in connection with it, namely this: that even upon this foundation of Jesus Christ a man might build wood, or even mere "hay and stubble," instead of something more substantial. And of the truth of this discriminating remark of the great apostle the editorial in question seems to us to afford a striking illustration. Let us see what the foregoing quotation really implies. "Character," however excellent, is no ground of hope for us when we leave this life. A life of devoted service springs no bow of promise above the grave when the friend goes from us. Even a "Christian experience wrought in us by the Holy Ghost" furnishes no hope. Let us translate all this into the concrete expression of life. "My son was most dutiful and affectionate," said the widowed mother; "he bore cheerfully the burdens that our changed circumstances so early laid upon him; he has been both brother and father to his younger brothers and sisters. I think the shortened life must find favor with God in the Beyond." "Yes," remarked a comforting neighbor, "if there be a God and a heaven hereafter, you surely can not sorrow as one who has no hope." "Yes," said one of the young man's companions feelingly, "we all of us loved James; he had a good influence upon the young men about him." "A man of sterling integrity, conscientious and kind," were the words of his employer; "I never knew him guilty of a dishonest or selfish act." Now in walks the writer from whom we have quoted: "My good woman, these things that these well-meaning friends have been saying to you have nothing to do in the matter and give you no proper ground of hope for your son whatever. Did he trust in the 'finished work' of somebody else?" When Samuel J. May died, his friend Gerrit Smith said, "Heaven seems nearer to me now that he is there." It was a spontaneous and natural tribute to the life and character of his friend. He felt that such virtue could not perish, and its passing made the unseen world more real. "There must be a heaven for ——" said a thoughtful but doubting man of the companion whom he had loved. The problems of faith perplexed him. He was a born questioner; but this vanished life with all its goodness and brightness, opened a door of larger possibilities in its passing and became to him a ground of larger hope and trust. And was it not all very natural? Did not Jesus reason from the good in man to the good in God and make it a ground, the great ground in fact, of a high faith and trust? "If ye then know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father,"—"Forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors," etc. But we are seriously told by this writer in the *Independent* that human character, human service however devoted, human experience, "none nor all of these make the ground of hope."

Such talk as this seems to us the dregs of theological drivel. It recalls forcibly the remark of Emerson that "the fatal trait is the divorce between religion and morality." To disconnect essential character here from the issues of the hereafter and bring in place of it an extraneous and mechanical salvation as the only "ground of hope," is a denial of those spiritual laws whose working we discover even here, and which must follow us into whatsoever sphere we go. If personality survives the stroke of death, if we are ourselves and not somebody else beyond this bank and shoal of time, then it would seem that our hope for those who pass from us is strengthened by every remembrance of the upright character and good life. And even in the case of those who part from this life and leave behind no such grateful memories to halo their going, we are not driven to despair. Our ground of hope is still in that nature which sin has not wholly robbed of its divinity, and in those remedial agencies of discipline which we cannot dissociate from our conception of God and a divine and fatherly government of the universe.

F. L. H.

CONTRIBUTED.

THE ANSWER.

For my poor self to raise one soothing song
 Knowing myself, I know I am not fit:
 But for these others! Can I passive sit
 And watch this hurtling, straining, suffering throng
 And hold my peace? To make their way less long,
 O God in Heaven, give me strength and wit
 To sing; to leave some heart with truth peace-lit,
 To strike some blow at foul deceit and wrong.
 Sure the petition worth the hearing is;
 I ask to hurl strong darts, wrong to subdue.
 And should the work not thrive? Still be amiss?
 Back comes the answer, clear, relentless, true:
 "When thou thyself hast learned the truth to kiss
 Without one swerve, then hope Truth's work to do."
 H. P. KIMBALL.

PURPOSE AND WHY, COMPARED TO LAW AND HOW.

Scientists are apt to assume that "evolution, law and how" open creation before us, and reveal our relations to and our unity with it, and thus regenerate us. But the assumption ignores the reason to be, the duty and religion of life; and is wholly useless without individuality and purpose.

Could we, with the author of Genesis 1, trace our present system back through evolution to simple matter, we should with him recognize a brooding spirit through the action of which all evolution comes. That something cannot come of nothing, is as certain as anything we call law or causation can be. That something comes of something else, by a process and order which we express by the word law, is as certain as sensation and reason. Yet the conditions of thought forbid us to say that we can go back through evolution nearer to the brooding, producing spirit than we now are. In fact, the inhabitants of the earth, although potentially they may have existed in what is called primeval chaos, appear to us to be far in advance intellectually, and in this sense more godlike, than in Saurian times. All times must be in one eternity, all spaces in immensity, and the universe in and of one God, or religion is vain, and the conditions of thought false. Wherever we go, wherever rest, is God. Whatever we call it, the controlling power, the persistent evolving force, must be changeless, not fettered by time or place, and yet must be the source of sensation, and of the limitation of our thoughts to time and place. *How*, then, things can be, who shall tell? That they must be, who does not feel? Whether we call the power that makes us and all things thus, God, nature, fate, law, or any other name, the power, is but one,—there is no room for more. And that one power, being the source of intelligence and desire, my whole soul bows before it under the matchless name of God.

We are told to stop and study law and evolution. But the order of succession of events is but partially within our reach, and the entire processes of evolution can only be known to the Eternal One. Why weary the flesh and make the spirit fail? We can know of law only as a system of causation from which, if we sever purpose and God, there is nothing left for the soul to rest on. When we say the universe is governed by law, we mean nothing by law. If we stop at governed, the sense is the same. The expression appears to have been invented to abstract intelligence from the government of the universe, and that by the very persons who delight in proclaiming the littleness and ignorance from which we sprang, and the mighty reach of our present aims and powers.

Darwin, so far from shaking the foundation of Hebrew philosophy, has shaken us down upon it, and compelled us to understand the first chapter of Genesis as a story of evolution, as Haeckel regards it. The connection of this chap-

ter with the barbarous legends of the second and some following chapters, and the belief in a god of petty interferences, had heretofore clouded its meaning.

Again, since no fact in evolution or method can be accounted for ultimately on scientific principles, each fact is separately as wonderful as the being of God; and since through all the facts an apparent purpose runs, the reason for faith is like the command of God, "exceeding broad." If one is perverse enough to deny the pleasure of riding in a "dug out," or to deny a modicum of pleasure to each stage of development, and to rejoice in nothing less than his own high powers, this is not because of breadth of view. If by laziness, neglect or vicious purpose a bad or vanishing form has disappeared, does this show that the individual beings of such forms were unhappy? I think not.

"Behold we know not anything," may well be said of evolution, law and how, in the finer meaning of those words. But by a very sure token we know that we hunger, and that hunger is the "why" of our action. The various methods of satisfying hunger have taught us to discriminate and to choose the most pleasing. Thus our tastes and consequent pursuits in life have become diversified, and the cry for daily bread has come to include all our wants, physical, intellectual and moral; and subduing the earth so that all its forces shall play for man, has become our task. We are awaking to the fact that physics are subject to persistent intellectual effort.

Without the "why" for action, that is the hunger, joined with the instinct that satisfaction is immanent, the parent organism would have expired in the first cell. Hunger the why, gratification the purpose, the result is creation, not out of nothing, but an individuation of God, in whom all consist from, what is to sense, a point, and stretching thence in a line of unbroken progress, through a history all interesting, and an individuality self-appreciating, toward a realization of oneness with God,—the Nirvana of Gautama, and the Gospel of Jesus.

Lame speculation is in the how; duty in the why. Law stands as a check and thrall, just a name coupled with a dread; purpose gives energy, which leaves obstacles in ruins, and fate among ancient myths. All forms, all beings, are likenesses of God, so far as developed, and we may be sure that as the creature recognizes the God within, he will do the works of the father. The purpose of self-gratification by subduing the earth to our wants has lead us to science (to the "how,") very successfully and pleasantly, for the ways of God are pleasantness and peace. But if now, in our petty pride, we overlook the great correspondence,—the hunger and gratification common to creation, and grasping or reaching toward the Father's love,—our knowledge of the how will be a mockery, even if we obtain it.

The Hebrew philosophy must stand until science gives us the depth of Genesis 1, the appreciation of creation found in the Psalms, the personal responsibility of the prophets, or the breadth of the philanthropy of Jesus.

JACOB B. DUNN.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE HEBREW RELIGION.

The Architectural Sketch Club room was densely packed last Thursday evening with listeners eager for Rabbi Hirsch's second lecture on Old Testament literature. The Doctor began by asking the audience to leave behind them all preconceived notions of the origin and authority of the Hebrew scriptures and listen with minds unbiased by popular prejudice. The psychology of man, he said, is not able to reconstruct a revelation which it could not construct. A miraculous revelation to the Hebrews must be rejected on scientific grounds. As evolutionists we must believe in progress. Man was not made in the image of God to fall into a lower condition, but began on a low plane to climb to a

higher. Evolution presupposes involution. Every religion claims to be based upon a supernatural revelation. To arrogate inspiration to Christianity alone, claiming that all other religions are the inventions of men, is conceit, to say the least. The lecturer, here touching upon Lessing's view that revelation was not an imperative necessity but simply an expedient to hasten the progress of the race, showed the untenability of the proposition. He next discussed the question of the Egyptian origin of the Hebrew religion. Probabilities and evidences, he said, are all against it. It is not positively known that the Hebrews were ever in Egypt, although there was a close political connection between the two peoples from very early times. Probably the Josephites were driven into Egypt and remained there for a time. If so, we do not know when they came away. It is hardly probable that they could have brought an army of six hundred thousand. Grant or Von Moltke would have been helpless at the head of such a rabble. The Hebrew and Egyptian religions presented many striking contrasts to each other. This does not follow, since similar hygienic conditions would necessitate similar laws. Certainly they did not bring from Egypt a lofty conception of God. Like a red thread through all the Hebrew writings runs the injunction to have naught to do with the Egyptians. Renan said that the Shemite is endowed with a monotheistic instinct. Rabbi Hirsch said this was not an instinct but a growth out of their environments. In the dreariness and monotony of his desert life, man became conscious of personality and so came to believe in one God. All the Shemitic races were originally polytheists, and the Hebrew prophets had always the greatest difficulty to preserve the monotheistic conception of God in the people. The lecturer again quoted Renan as saying that there are no traces of mythology among the Shemites, but this is only because the mythological period was ended before the curtain rose upon the Shemites in history. We do find these traces in the fossils of a prehistoric age. The leviathan, the behemoth, the God who moved upon the wings of cloud, were reminiscences of that mythologic era through which all races pass on their way to the uplands of religion. The central thought of every Shemitic religion was, God the possessor, man the slave. That the Hebrews passed through the period of ancestor worship is shown by the story of the Witch of Endor, and other fossils are remnants of animism. The Jewish dietary regulations are not sanitary laws, but remnants of a totem worship like that of the North American Indians. The totem of a tribe must not be eaten. It was startling to find in our own aversion to horse-flesh a fossil remnant of so gross a form of superstition. The casting of lots, mentioned in the New Testament, as well as the "Urim and Thummin" of the old, were shown to be only modes of consulting an oracle. The lecture as a whole was a clear and scholarly elaboration of the growth of the Hebrew thought of God up and out of the earliest ancestor worship through the Jehovah, who was not a God of the universe but the jealous God of Israel, up to the prophetic ideal in Micah's high conception of a God who is a universal bond of righteousness.

In religion, one earnest unextorted assertion of beliefs should outweigh, as a matter of testimony, many assertions of unbelief. The fact that there is a gold region is established by the finding of one lump, though you miss the vein never so often.—*Browning.*

This sentence from Herbert Spencer is as good religion as it is politics: "The man who plumes himself upon his wisdom in minding his own business is blind to the fact that his own business is made possible only by maintaining a healthy state."

UNITY CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT.

THE GOOD LESSON IN JONAH.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. H. M. SIMMONS BEFORE THE STUDENTS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA, OCTOBER 28, 1888.

Published by the Davenport Post Office Mission.

"Jonah" is one of the best, but one of the most abused of books. Its enemies treat it with the greatest injustice, and even its friends rarely do it justice. In the popular thought of even Christians it seems to figure chiefly as the story of a fish; and among unchristian people, this story is commonly treated as one of the most foolish in the world, and jests about Jonah and the whale are among the stalest things in human speech. But the fact is that the story of the fish is a very subordinate feature in the narrative of Jonah, occupying only three short verses in the whole book; and even these verses need no apology, as I trust we shall see. The real lesson of "Jonah" is not that of the fish, but of *forgiveness and brotherhood*. The book breathes a charity which anticipates Paul's best teachings, perhaps goes beyond them, and in some passages shows something of the tenderness of Jesus.

Not indeed that Jonah is himself forgiving and charitable; but the author of the book is, and teaches that God is and that he wants men to be. Jonah is just the opposite, narrow and unforgiving; and the very object of the book seems to be to show him as opposed to goodness and the God of goodness. The book begins with him disobeying this God,—when ordered to go to Nineveh going in the contrary direction, and trying to get away from Jehovah, as it twice tells us. And when he is brought back and forced to go to Nineveh, he goes with the most inhumane and impious spirit; wants that great city with its 120,000 infants destroyed, and becomes angry because it is not. The saving of the city, in the words of the story, "displeased Jonah exceedingly and he was very angry" and rebuked Jehovah himself for his mercy to it. And when his gourd dies, he is angry again; and when Jehovah reproves him and asks if it is right to be angry, Jonah replies quite saucily that it is, "It is right that I should be angry even unto death." With this curt contradiction of Jehovah, the prophet passes from our sight.

Such is the portrait this author gives of Jonah. The only good thing told of him in the whole story is his readiness to be cast overboard when he had brought the ship so near destruction; and we ought not to give him much credit for that, for he has a morbid disposition to suicide, and twice in this short book implores God to take his life. So little honor does the book give him, even if he is a prophet. Entering it in disobedience and leaving it in blasphemy, angry, and telling the Lord he has a right to be angry because his little gourd has died and half a million men have not;—Jonah himself is depicted as made of impiety and ugliness, and it is plain that the author did not in the least honor him or want us to.

What the book does honor is just the opposite spirit; and how tenderly it represents Jehovah as reproving this prophet's inhumanity and proclaiming his own loving regard for those Ninevites and their infants and very cattle: "Should not I spare Nineveh, that great city wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern their right hand from their left, and much cattle?" In contrast with Jonah, the book shows the mercy that is in God and ought to be in his prophets and people, and calls him "a gracious and merciful God, slow to anger and abundant in mercy." It represents God as forgiving even to a degree that we are wont to blame in human rulers, and shows him pardoning those whom he had already sentenced, and taking back his own words. "God repented of the evil which he had said that he would do unto them, and he did it not." Harsher writers in the books of Samuel and Numbers said that God

was not a man, that He should repent; but this author was so eager to emphasize forgiveness as divine, that he made Him repent. In this spirit of forgiveness and love the book of Jonah excels all other writings of the Old Testament, and equals any of the New.

And we easily see another connected quality in which it differs from most of the Old Testament writings, and anticipates the best spirit of Paul and Jesus. It was a rebuke, and evidently intended to be a rebuke of the narrower spirit of Judaism. Most of the Old Testament is intensely national in its tone, and sees little good beyond the people of Israel. Even eminent prophets saw the heathen world as all unholy. Samuel orders all Amalekite infants slain, and Elijah kills the 450 priests of Baal, and the book of Joshua shows the leaders of Israel and the Lord himself eager to destroy such cities as this Nineveh. Later and better prophets had indeed left much of this spirit behind, and now and then one rises to the full height of international justice and drops a word for complete religious tolerance;—as when Micah, foretelling the perfect time when swords should be turned to plowshares and every man sit under his own vine and fig-tree, adds that all will then be allowed to keep their own religions and gods; for, he says, while Jews shall "walk in the name of Jehovah," all other people "will walk every one in the name of his God." The broad-minded Micah saw that the perfect day was to be one of full religious liberty. Such expressions were, however, rare even among the best Jewish prophets, and generally the heathen get little favor in the Old Testament.

But this author has quite outgrown that national prejudice, and seems to have even a partiality for the heathen. His one picture of a Jew and a Jewish prophet is given in that Jonah; and how poorly he fared under the artist's hand, we have seen. But in contrast with this Hebrew prophet, the author paints the heathen with evident sympathy. He shows those sailors, though they were idolaters and "cried every man to his God," yet humane, and doing their best to save Jonah. Though the sea "wrought and was tempestuous against them," and though they had found, by casting lots and Jonah's own confession, that his presence brought the storm and throwing him overboard would stop it, "nevertheless the men rowed hard to bring the ship to land, but they could not." These heathen were yet ready to risk their lives for another, and almost as anxious to save that one passenger as he was to have the whole city of Nineveh destroyed. And in the same spirit, the book shows those heathen Ninevites as doing the best they knew. It tells how they repented and "turned from their evil way" at once, within forty days the Hebrew text says, and within three according to the Septuagint; and how they humbled themselves, from the least among them up to the great king, who left his throne and laid aside his royal robe and put on sackcloth and "sat in ashes." That king and his half a million heathen so humbly repenting, form a very noble contrast to the angry Jonah watching them from his booth and wanting to see them all perish. And beside that forgiving God so loving them as to reverse his own sentence in order to save them, how contemptible this Hebrew prophet blaspheming Him because he did it!

It is evident enough that the book was written to rebuke the national intolerance of the day, and to teach that broad religion which sees the heathen also as God's people and all the world as one. It is the same lesson that was afterward taught by John the Baptist, when he told the Jews not to boast their descent from Abraham, but to show the spirit of brotherhood, share their meat with the needy and their coats with those who had none. It is the same lesson which Jesus taught in his story of the priest and the Levite full of religious zeal, but leaving the wounded man by the wayside, while the poor heathen Samaritan came

along and helped him. It is the same lesson which he also taught in his parable of the prodigal son, with its picture of Judaism as that elder brother who was so sullen at the father's benevolence, and like Jonah "was angry and would not go in" when the father forgave the other and welcomed him with the fatted calf. It is the same lesson which Jesus was ever teaching in his neglect of old religious forms, and his emphasis of brotherhood and love. And it is the same lesson which Paul taught when he abandoned Judaism and turned to the Gentile world; and in that letter to the Galatians ridiculed old forms as "weak and beggarly rudiments," and so indignantly rebuked Peter, James and John for clinging to them, and bade men "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free," and in the love which was the "fulfilling of the law" and the essence of religion.

Like these later lessons of the New Testament, the book of Jonah is a rebuke of religious narrowness, and is a shining instance in antiquity of a work teaching the universal brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God. And in view of its breadth and charity, and its divine lesson of forgiveness, we have no right to find fault with any folly which there may be in that incident of the fish.

Indeed are we sure that incident was in the original book at all? It is told so briefly and in such a way that one easily suspects it may have been added among the corruptions which scholars say the book has suffered. Aside from these three verses, the book has no hint of any such strange event, but seems rather to discountenance it. For that poem which Jonah is said to have spoken in the stomach of the fish, does not contain the slightest allusion to any such surroundings, but is simply a song of thanksgiving for deliverance from drowning and refers to the escape as already passed; and the beauty and elaborate structure of the poem seem rather to discourage the theory that its author composed it while weltering amid gastric acids. The poem seems to show that its author knew nothing of that fish, and that this story may have been added by another to explain the deliverance.

And if the story was in the original book, why blame it, when it is used to illustrate so good a lesson, and especially when we consider how common such stories were in that day? Indeed this very one, of a marine monster swallowing and saving some one, has appeared the world over;—from the old Hindoo fable of Saktideva swallowed by a fish and cut out again unharmed, and the African story of a Zulu princess swallowed by a reptile and brought home alive, to the Nova Scotia myth of a hero carried to the sunset land in a whale, and the legend of Hiawatha swallowed canoe and all by a fish, and brought safely to shore, as Longfellow has sung at considerable length, and without being blamed at all for it. The story is so wide-spread among nations that have never heard of the Hebrews or each other, that it has been treated as a nature myth of sunset and sunrise, by those imaginative solar mythologists to whom one has said "all things are possible." I am always suspicious of solar myths, and shall not assume any such cosmic origin for the story. But whatever its origin, it has been thus widely known; and was told of another in this very Joppa where Jonah is said to have taken ship for that voyage. For Hercules, too, according to Greek legend, in rescuing Hesione or Andromeda, had been swallowed by a fish and spent three days in his stomach, like Jonah; and Tylor tells in his "Primitive Culture" that the marks of Andromeda's chain were shown on the shore near Joppa in Pliny's time, and that the bones of a whale had been carried to Rome as relics of the monster that had swallowed Hercules. With such beliefs so prevalent in the ancient world, why blame this author even if he told it as a fact?

But why even suppose that its teller meant it for a fact, any more than Jesus meant the parable of the prodigal son for one. Jesus' parable is considered a mere fiction told to

teach a religious lesson. Why not take the book of Jonah for another? Rosenmuller and other critics have held that its story of the fish was not intended for a fact, but only as a religious allegory founded on a Phenician myth of Hercules living three days in the stomach of that sea-monster. And it is doubtful whether the rest of the book was intended to be true to history, any more than Jesus' story of the good Samaritan. Indeed if the author was versed in Assyrian history, he probably knew that that great nation, with its venerable gods, did not trouble itself much about the Jewish Jehovah; and that the haughty and tyrannical monarch in his palace at Nineveh, would hardly leave his throne and sit in ashes at the preaching of one poor Jew who had nothing but a little booth and gourd vine to protect him from the sun, but would have been more likely to have ordered the intruder sunk in the Tigris. Probably "Jonah" was not intended to be historic, but, like so many other parables in the Bible, was told only to teach a religious lesson. And it teaches that divine lesson of forgiveness and love so well that no historic errors can harm it, and no superstition be more than a speck to bring out its beauty better. To the wise reader, the legendary element in the book does not mar it in the least.

The harm came only when the legend was exalted at the expense of the lesson. For that divine truth of forgiveness was not yet learned by the Jews, and this book soon came to be remembered for the fish. That story figured more and more in Jewish thought, and raised the prophet into a new prominence and false position. The result was, that in Jesus' time, the intolerant Jonah whom the book had so rebuked had come to be regarded as quite a saint, and that story of the fish seems to have been thought by some as typical of the Messiah himself.

It is supposed by many that *Jesus* shared this thought; but a careful study of the Gospels leads to the conclusion that he did not. The book of Matthew does indeed make Jesus, in reply to the people asking him for a sign, refer to the sign of Jonah surviving in the fish. But in Luke's report of the same event, Jesus makes no reference to the fish at all, but only to the so distant and different scene of Jonah preaching to the Ninevites. And Mark, reporting the same conversation, makes Jesus say nothing of any sign of Jonah at all, but declare explicitly that they shall have no sign. Both Mark and Luke agree that Jesus said nothing about the fish; and Mark teaches that he said nothing about Jonah either. By the usual canons of criticism in the case, Mark's simpler report is to be preferred. If so, then Jesus refused to appeal to signs in Jonah or anywhere else, but trusted more nobly and divinely to the mere truth of what he said and did, and was content to leave it without any of the wonders which less worthy teachers have used to prop their poorer work. If we may trust Jesus' saying in Mark, "Verily I say unto you, there shall no sign be given unto this generation," then he rose far above that superstitious eagerness for wonders, which prevailed everywhere in his day, and which so soon clothed him in a cloud of legends that concealed his true glory. How much more honorable to him to see it so! What a degradation of the divine truths he taught, to connect them with that fable of the fish; and how it dishonors the noble Jesus to say he was typified in any way by that miserable Jonah! What! the man whom even the legend casts to the fish for disobeying God, and who escapes only to blaspheme Him,—he a type of the Jesus who was all obedience and reverence? The Jonah who was angry because a great city was saved,—he a type of the Jesus who was all love and forgiveness? Not at all. Jesus was foretold, not by the narrow Jonah, but by the noble book which rebuked him and taught Christian charity so many centuries before Christ.

For Jesus was true to the spirit of that book. He again

taught its lesson of a brotherhood reaching beyond any race or religion. He gave his rebukes, not to the heathen, but to the rich and selfish men and the rigid formalists who broke that brotherhood. He gave his blessings not to the followers of the Jewish or of any special faith, but to peacemakers and pure in heart, the meek and merciful, wherever they might belong. And like the Jehovah of the book of Jonah, Jesus carried forgiveness to the extreme; forgave adulteress and thief, was so forgiving that Renan says he had a "divine incapacity of seeing evil," taught to forgive seven times and seventy times seven, to love even enemies, turn the cheek when smitten and give more when stolen from; and in the same spirit he closed his life by asking forgiveness for his very murderers. Jesus was indeed a son and incarnation of that God of extreme forgiveness and love, and taught that every one should be.

Too often the church has forsaken him and followed the intolerant Jonah instead. The average Christian has hardly cultivated meekness enough to forgive 490 times; and Tolstoi says that when a Jewish Rabbi asked him if we did turn the cheek when smitten, he had nothing to reply, for just then Christians were smiting the Jews on both cheeks. Smiting has indeed been made quite a virtue in Christian history, and Jesus' "Blessed are the peace-makers" has been drowned in the roar of Christian cannon; and instead of loving its enemies, the church for centuries made a business of butchering and sometimes burning them. It now and then responded to its Master's "Blessed are the merciful," by the shrieks of women tortured at the rack, and taught for a thousand years that they and most of mankind would be tortured far worse and forever after death. It is only two hundred years ago that an Oxford professor wrote a book which claimed to prove that (in the words of its title page) "not one in a hundred thousand, nay probably not one in a million from Adam down to our times shall be saved;" and even then a critic is said to have censured the book for saving too many.

Such days and doctrines are now past, and all Christendom is getting nearer to the spirit of Jesus. There is still indeed a widespread opinion that his beatitudes need considerable amendment; that the pure in heart shall not see God unless they have also the proper theology in their head, and that the merciful shall *not* obtain mercy unless they bear the Christian name. But more and more men are seeing that it is not theological theories about Jesus, but the spirit of Jesus that makes true Christians; and that if they have that spirit, it makes little difference whether they bear his name or not. Indeed Jesus himself was far too noble to care for his name; and once, according to the record, even rebuked men for trusting to that, and said that unto many who should claim that they had "prophesied in thy name, in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name" done so many things, he should reply, "I never knew you;" for he said, not calling him Lord, Lord, but doing the will of the Father, brought them into the kingdom. Jesus placed himself squarely on the religion of principles instead of names; and those who are true to him will not try to make religion any narrower. They will proclaim that uprightness is righteous, whatever church it comes in; that goodness is godlike, whatever creed it grows with; that in every land on earth and under every faith in history, Christian, heretic or heathen, peacemakers are sons of God, forgiveness is divine, and love is itself religion.

Why let mere doctrinal differences divide men and lessen love? I read of the girl who was ever worrying her brother and herself about his doctrinal opinions, until he somewhat lost patience and said, "O, hang your theology, let us be brother and sister!" And would it not be better if the quarreling religions of the world would hang up their theologies for a season, and learn to be more brotherly and sisterly? For love is better than any theology;

or rather, love teaches the best theology. The Baptist clergyman, when asked how his daughter came to marry a Catholic, replied that Cupid had never studied theology. But perhaps it would be truer to say that he has studied it better than any one else. Love learns it best at any rate; and the apostle well says, "Every one that loveth is begotten of God and knoweth God;" "for God is Love," and "if we love one another, God dwelleth in us."

And cannot this principle of love and forgiveness, taught so well in the book of Jonah and the words of Jesus, be carried further in *secular* life also, and trusted more than it ever has been? Was Jesus such a visionary in this matter as the world and even the church has supposed? I think he was correct in it; and that Sermon on the Mount, however foolish it may seem to the standards of the street, is a prophecy of the perfect state, and its principles will yet be the law of the world. Already we hear in many a social movement, that selfishness will be fatal to society. A state that allows one man to own a railroad while thousands starve in rags, is doomed to go, and ought to. Poor Sissy Jupe, when asked the first principle of political economy, forgot her lesson and stammered out in her confusion that it was to "do unto others as you would have others do unto you," and came near being flogged by her teacher for such folly. But she was right; the political economy of the Golden Rule is the only one that will make society safe.

And selfishness is fatal not only to states, but to our best selves. The only way to get true joy is to share it with others. The legend tells how a fairy gave a youth a blossom, which when breathed upon would give him whatever he wished. So he breathed and wished, and got wine and laughter, but soon grew sick of them. Then he breathed again and wished, and a maiden came and served him; but she, also, soon ceased to please him. Then he said joy was not for him, and he breathed again and wished that others might have it. Then the laughter and the maiden returned to delight him far more than at first; and the fairy said, "Now joy is yours and will remain, for you wished it for others." Selfishness proves but poor policy, and those who give themselves for others get the most,—from great heroes, down to the youth who made it a rule, whenever he went to a party, to dance with the girls who were neglected by every one else. Selfishness dwarfs the mind too, and love enlarges it. Vauvenargues said, "Great thoughts come from the heart;" and Hawthorne wrote, "We are but shadows, till the heart be touched; that touch creates us, then we begin to be."

Jesus was wise in his emphasis of love, and our best men imitate him. Said Longfellow,

"I am in love with Love,
And the sole thing I hate is hate;
For hate is the unpardonable sin,
And Love the Holy Ghost within."

And the poet was as good as his word, and never harbored a bitter feeling. When Poe was abusing him, he was giving lectures in praise of the latter's poetry; and when it was proposed to make him a visitor of Harvard college, the president of the committee said, "What would be the use? Longfellow could never be brought to find fault with anybody or anything." And his biographer says that it was true, and that his whole life was bathed in that sympathy and love "which suffers long and envies not, which forgives seventy times seven, and as many more times if need be."

And is not this forgiveness a practical power in the world? Call to mind that scene of Mr. Beecher before the hostile audience at Richmond after the war. There sat Fitz Hugh Lee and several rebel generals and a large body of Southerners, gathered out of curiosity, but greeting him only with hisses. Calmly looking over the audience, Mr. Beecher at length said, "Is this General Lee?" The general silently and icily bowed. "Then," said Mr.

Beecher, "I want to offer you this right hand, which in its own way fought against you and yours, but which I would now willingly sacrifice to make the South prosperous and happy. Will you take it, General?" Amid the hushed surprise of the audience, General Lee arose, stepped forward and stretched his arm across the footlights; and as their hands clasped, there arose from that secession assembly such applause as the old hall had never heard before; and the abolitionist orator, who had done about as much as any man in the country to bring on the war that devastated Virginia, rode through Richmond next day amid the cheers of the men who were almost ready to mob him a few hours before. So much is forgiveness worth even in politics. And so much is it worth everywhere. It works more wonders than force even among the worst classes. Cruel punishments have increased crime, while gentler methods have diminished it; and I dare say the time will come when society will treat adulteresses, thieves, and the worst criminals more as Jesus treated them. Men are to be moved, and society reformed, through the heart; and nothing touches and warms the heart like forgiveness and love. Jesus was right in making so much of them, and the world will come to it yet.

Too long the ship of state has carried the unforgiving and intolerant spirit of Jonah, not asleep either, but stirring up storms worse than in the story. Let it be cast out, with the prayer that no providence may interfere to save it. Then the old miracle will be repeated, the waves grow calmer, and under the guidance of the spirit of love, society will be safer and religion surer. Through the natural laws of the world, and the natural affections of the human heart, we shall feel a higher love enfolding us, and find a God who does not repent or need to, but whose mercy is eternal.

THE STUDY TABLE.

THE EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

It is well, perhaps, for our readers that the space of *UNITY* is so limited, else the senior editor might be tempted to gossip too often concerning the good things that lie upon "The Study Table." The limitations of *UNITY*, not only in extent of space but in scope of purpose, make it impossible for us to notice all the new publications which reach the sanctum through the courtesy of publishers. Our business obligation to these publishers is discharged when the books are acknowledged as received, with size, price, etc., in our announcement column; but we feel an obligation to our readers further than this and try to give to them occasional glimpses into the inside of the books not within reach of many of them for personal inspection. Many of our books are distributed for such notice among the faithful members of the staff of *UNITY* writers, and still there lodges on the senior's table enough to give him perpetual delight ripening into perpetual concern as to duties neglected and pleasures forsworn. This anxiety forces an occasional clearing-house week in which he frees his mind to *UNITY*, and gossips with the reader concerning the books on the editor's table. Let us have such a season this week, a sort of Thanksgiving talk concerning the higher harvestry of the year.

First comes a handful of pretty books (1) in red and black which it is safe to commend because they are so pretty on the outside, they have such clear type on the inside, they are so cheap, and they have already been tried and not found wanting. Dear old friends, all of them. Seven out of the twelve we now hold in our hand—well do they deserve the name "Good Company." Collectively

(1.) Good Company. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 50 cents per volume. *The Lover*, by Sir Richard Steele; *The Wishing, Cap Papers*, by Leigh Hunt; *Fireside Saints*, by Douglas Jerrold; *Dreamthorpe*, by Alexander Smith; *A. Physician's Problems*, by Charles Elam; *Broken Lights*. Cobbe; and *Religious Duty*, By Frances Power.

how they would brighten up a niche in the sitting-room, separately how the inside of either one of them will soothe, amuse or inspire. Steele, Leigh Hunt, Jerrold and the rest of them here appear with the freshness of new friends.

None the less "good company," though not wearing the name and uniform of the above, are the seven volumes of poetry we next hold in our hand. (2) Here is so much as is available to the English reader of the great Persian classic, the "Sháh Náneh," by Firdausi, done up in a volume that is available for the library shelf. It has added interest in the fact that the learned father's work is edited by a learned son. This is a rose garden, containing that which will delight children and philosophers, said to be the purest of all the classics of the east. The next volume (3) contains some of William Morris's tales, edited for school children with the co-operation of that prince of editors, W. J. Rolfe. We wonder if the modern school children will take to this modern attempt at antique tales by the poet who in these later days is well-nigh lost in the humanitarian. Alas for the prettiness of these white parchment backs in which we have the Romances, Lyrics and Sonnets (4) from Mrs. Browning, to match the same title, size and form of Robert Browning which preceded it long enough to have already lost the immaculate beauty of the binding. The outside stains so quickly, but the inside will never lose the perpetual youth which goes with love and the delight of lyrics that read at sight, of which neither head nor heart ever tires. A little book is this "Wayfarer's Wallet," (5) that comes over the sea. Over there Mr. Hewlett has already made himself known to the thoughtful in a "Sheaf of Verse." In this volume, particularly in his "*Dominus Redivivus*, a plea for the Christianity of Christ," he reveals the poet soul, working upon the great questions of the spiritual life in their nineteenth century bearings. He is of the household of Heber Newton, Phillips Brooks and Mrs. Humphry Ward, who inside of church traditions are thinking outside and beyond all church limitations, who without Unitarian name, helps or fetters, are doing a work which Unitarians aspire to but often fail in. Perhaps not many of our people will read these delicate lines that remind us of our own lamented E. R. Sill, but those who do will share in the regret that many more do not feel their beauty. What a change from that to these two books (6) of negro dialect poetry. First, the little sheaf gathered by the *Century* from Irwin Russell, who might almost be called the inventor of this style of poetry, the discoverer of the poetry in the lowly speech of the untutored freedman. Next, the richer, more searching poems of Gordon and Page. The latter, particularly, has painted with exquisite skill the fading glories of the old regime. It is the other side of slavery from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which we of the north know too little of. Mr. Chadwick is a young man to come to his majority as a poet in a collected, revised and enlarged edition of his poetry (7) such as we hold in our hand. Eighth edition, the fly-leaf says. A fertile poet, we would say, were we not so well acquainted with the still more fertile preacher, and if there was not such a long list of books in prose from his pen on our shelf. Perhaps if UNITY readers could cease to think of him as the brave, true preacher, they would come to his poetry more competent to recognize the delicacy of touch, the spiritual insight and the intimacy with nature which it displays. His poems are old friends, we hope, to most of the UNITY household. If you have not this book already, secure it, if for no other

reason than to discover the original setting of so many of your favorite hymns. In his sermons we ever find the poet in the preacher. To our mind we pay him higher compliment when we say that we ever find the preacher in the poet.

Most of the fiction flies the senior's table. He is too slow to keep up with the times, but he loves to see the new day breaking on the *post bellum* south. Last spring he gathered apple-blossoms out of the embrasures through which once he helped point the shotted cannon, and so he has kept beside him the still more fragrant flowers in the latest books of Harris, Cable, Craddock and Page. (8) In them we see how, chastened as by fire and taught by sorrow and shame, these writers have been able to give to American fiction the most limpid, unaffected and original strain of this day. These writers and not the faded brigadier who goes from the saloon to the stump and from the stump to the saloon, represent more truly the new South. They are the real children of the Confederacy. The editor has also learned to rest himself in the out-of-doors of Sarah Orne Jewett's writings. (9) She says, "'Tis a bad sign when folks wears out their best clothes faster'n their every-day ones." She writes in her every-day clothes, a suit fit for walking and climbing, at that. Next to a tramp among our favorite Wisconsin bluffs is an hour with Miss Jewett or John Burroughs for restfulness. Those who cannot face the larger works of Count Tolstoi on account of their formidable size, can still know much of him in the short stories daintily printed by Crowell. This fifteen-minute sermon on "What Men Live by" (10) teaches by parable "that every man lives not through care of himself, but by love, and all men are kept alive not by their own forethought, but because there is love in men." The children are ahead of us in getting acquainted with "Toto," (11) a rollicking book of delightful nonsense, conducive to sense. Its pages tenderly mingle with the thought of the blind children to whom it was first told and is now dedicated.

And how shall we class Jane Andrews's books? Fiction, science, history, Sunday-school, juvenile, mother-books? All of them are these. Miss Andrews's books, of which we believe there are six, including her geographical plays, form a class quite unique. Books, with a noble, serious purpose, worked out with picture-making and story-telling power. We hope no UNITY mother or teacher in Sunday-school or day-school is ignorant of the "Seven Little Sisters who lived on the Round Ball" or the "Ten Boys who lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now," and that when next holiday comes they will not only extend the influence of these books, but multiply the readers of this suggestive story of "Only a Year," filled as it is with practical suggestions of helpfulness and sensible studies of the idiosyncracies of children and grown up folks, but we particularly commend the new book just out containing "The Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children." (12) It is a delightful surprise to find one book more coming from the storehouse which has sent us such treasures before. From the "Amber Beads" to the "Sixty-two Little Tadpoles," it is one succession of revelations of God in Nature, windows into the marvel of common things which only a skillful teacher could create. We know of no other story books for children so full of teaching power as these of Miss Andrews, whether they are used simply as delightful reading

(2.) The Shah Nameh. London and New York: Frederick Warne and Co. Price, \$1.00.

(3.) Atalanta's Race, etc. William Morris. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Pp. 240. Price, 75 cents.

(4.) Romances, Lyrics and Sonnets. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.00.

(5.) A Wayfarer's Wallet. By Henry G. Hewlett. London: George Redway.

(6.) Poems. By Irwin Russell. New York: The Century Co.

(7.) A Book of Poems. By John W. Chadwick. Boston: Roberts Brothers, \$1.25.

(8.) Bonaventure. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.25. The Story of Keedon Bluffs. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.00. In Ole Virginia. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.00. Free Joe. By Joel Chandler Harris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.00.

(9.) The King of Folly Island and Other People. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

(10.) What Men Live by. Tolstoi. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. Price, 50 cents.

(11.) Toto's Merry Winter. By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$1.25.

(12.) One Year and What it Brought. By Jane Andrews. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.00.

books by the children themselves, or as helps to further study in the hands of thoughtful parents and teachers.

How prone some people are to abuse this generation for lack of appreciation of the past and indifference to its treasures. What a refutation of this charge the bulletin of new books gives every month. Here is a stack of them stranded on our table. Renan's "History of Israel till the Time of King David."⁽¹³⁾ How interesting he makes those dark centuries, how he unfolds the legends and melts the hard words into history and poetry. To those who are afraid that critical scholarship results only in destruction we commend this book. To those who think that the earlier pages of the Old Testament yield only dogmas and dogmatism, and are valueless to culture, poetry and religion, we also commend this book. And here is a serious attempt at another critical history of Greece, ⁽¹⁴⁾ by an Oxford scholar, "from the earliest time to the Ionian revolt," with a promise of further volumes. It is written on the supposition that "man will have an interest in Greek history so long as man continues to exist." The more study the more science, the more love of Greece as well as the more love of Israel. Less critical than these but none the less suggestive are the three volumes of the "Story of the Nations," which we have in our hands—Egypt, Chaldea and the Jews, ⁽¹⁵⁾ the last by our own Professor Hosmer of St. Louis. Its post-biblical story of the Jews will be a surprise and a delight to many who consider themselves well informed. The mission of the Jew in the Bible is either understood or assumed by all, but his mission outside of Palestine and outside of traditional religion is scarcely less important and but little understood. All books in this series are so admirably illustrated and indexed that they become very valuable on the shelves of a working library. Edward Everett Hale himself thinks that his special aptitude in scholarship and literature is history, but how in the midst of his overwhelming activity he finds time to give attention to the editing and the much more of the original documents throwing light on Franklin's career in France, is a marvel. The first volume appeared about a year ago, and now the second appears, ⁽¹⁶⁾ two magnificent volumes of splendid workmanship, bearing the name of Edward E. Hale and Edward E. Hale, Jr., upon the title page. These volumes reflect great credit upon the diligent scholarship of father and son. They are permanent contributions to the history of our country and still more to the history of free thought and democracy. Another book, mined from original documents, just out, is a handsome volume ⁽¹⁷⁾, by M. D. Conway, from the life and papers of Edmund Randolph. Much less pretentious but equally curious and suggestive is "The History of the Clapboard Trees, or the Story of the Third Parish in Dedham," ⁽¹⁸⁾ by George W. Cooke. How those old Puritans did quarrel, how obstinate were some of the deacons, what a trouble the early minister did have. Blessed is the providence that has carried down to us more of their virtues than of their weaknesses. A happy companion to James Freeman Clarke's "Anti-slavery Days" is Parker Pillsbury's "Acts of Anti-Slavery Apostles," ⁽¹⁹⁾ full of the quaint individuality and earnestness of the author, and containing much matter not found elsewhere and of a nature of which we can never have too much. This book would not be a bad introduction to H. Kieffer's "Recollections of a Drummer

Boy," ⁽²⁰⁾ real recollections of real camp, so told that boys and girls of all ages, from eight to eighty, will read and laugh and cry. It is now in the sixth edition, and if we mistake not, it will pass through many more.

The McVeys. By Joseph Kirkland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It is seldom that one comes across a book so little worth reading as "The McVeys." Greatly as people differ in the requirements they make of the novel, it is hard to conceive of any standard by which this can be pronounced good. Neither those who demand a good plot and an interesting story, nor those who insist on "photographic fidelity to nature," nor those who delight in "psychological study," nor those who seek for "moral purpose," nor even the apostles of "art for art's sake," will find their ideal in these pages. There is, indeed, no small effort at furnishing "localcolor," which seems to be the latest fad of the story writers, and possibly the author has aimed to do for early days in Illinois somewhat in kind as has been done by Howells for New England, Harte for California, Cable for Louisiana, and "Craddock" for the mountains of Tennessee. Our memory not reaching back to "the forties," we are willing to assume that the chapter in which Lincoln, Douglas and David Davis are introduced "riding the circuit," and those dealing with Galena and Chicago, where some of the principal scenes are laid, are true to the times and the region described, for certainly they have little organic connection with the tale or apparent reason for being. But of local color as the artist in fiction handles it, as a means to an end, to make the picture of human life more natural, or beautiful, or dreary, or sombre, or terrific, as the special character of the theme may demand, this writer makes not the slightest use.

"An Episode," is the parenthetical sub-title of this tale, doubtless because of its relation to a previous story of the author's dealing with some of the same characters and called "Zury; a Novel of Western Life." We learn with some consternation from one of the closing pages that the end is not yet, and that it still "may take another book" to dispose of a few neither married nor dead at the close of this. May it not fall to us for review!

A. B. M.

The Kalevala. The Epic Poem of Finland. Into English by John Martin Crawford. New York: John B. Alden. Two vols., \$2.00.

These two handsome volumes fitly introduce to English readers for the first time a truly great epic or heroic poem in fifty runes. We have read these heroic songs with growing wonder and sense of their power, and with pure delight. We think whoever loves poetic folk-lore will find great riches in these remarkable, swift runes with their never-ending, never-faltering store of invention. The poem is not of the kind that has quotable lines, epigrammatic points, fine or piercing expressions, witty sayings. But there are constant rosy flushes of fancy, and the sustained power grows on the reader. The multitude of details is surprising and the wealth of invention inexhaustible. Also it is a singularly clean, clear poem: a kind of rare fine air pervades it. The poem is indescribable in a short notice; but such titles of runes as Wainamoinen's Boat-Building, Ilmarinen's Wooing, The Bride's Farewell, The Frost-Fiend, The Birth of the Harp, may give a little idea of it. The Preface is really a praiseworthy introduction, fine in spirit, scholarly in manner, broad and ample in matter. The rhythmical run of the English in the meter of the original is very good.

Müller ranks the Kalevala among the great national epics of the world.

J. V. B.

The Story Mother Nature Told. By Jane Andrews. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.00.

^(13.) History of the People of Israel till the Time of King David. By Ernest Renan. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$2.50.

^(14.) A History of Greece. By Evelyn Abbott, M. A., LL. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$2.25.

^(15.) The Story of the Nations. Ancient Egypt, Chaldea and the Jews. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.50 each.

^(16.) Franklin in France. From Original Documents. By E. E. Hale, and E. E. Hale, Jr. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$3.00 each.

^(17.) Omitted Chapters of History Disclosed in the Life and Paper of Edmund Randolph. By M. D. Conway. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$3.00.

^(18.) A History of the Clapboard Trees or the Third Parish of Dedham, Mass. By George Willis Cooke. Boston: George H. Ellis. Price, \$1.00.

^(19.) The Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles. By Parker Pillsbury. Concord, N. H.

^(20.) The Recollections of a Drummer Boy. By Harry M. Keiffer. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Price, \$1.50.

THE HOME.

JOE THE WEEDER.

Joe was very small for a boy of ten. He had not had any mother for so long a time that he had forgotten it was a good plan to have a mother. He lived in an hut, at the end of a boggy foot path, which led off from a logging road. The hut had a door and a window, but neither door-step nor window-sill. It held a table, a stove, three chairs, a chest, a bedstead, a heap of straw, one lamp, some pegs, some dishes, some Indian meal and potatoes, some herring and cabbages. The place smelt of mud and fish. The five hens cackled, the big dog growled, the eagles sailed through the air, the partridges ran across the path and the rabbits burrowed in the holes. The great fir trees hid the hut; only from the beach below could we have guessed that any human beings lived at the top of the cliff.

Joe had not always staid there, but where else he had been he did not know. All he knew surely was, that old Mike had brought him there when there had been nowhere else for him to go. With old Mike lived old Sal, but whether she was Mike's mother, wife or sister, Joe never knew. She looked as if she could be all three, certainly she never could have been a little girl, for she was so yellow and wrinkled.

Joe was very fond of the "old 'uns," as he called them, and they were very kind to him. They let him spend the long summer days in spearing sculpin for the hens to eat, so that they could lay eggs faster. When Joe could get four or five dozen eggs, he walked four miles to the cottages to sell them at fifteen cents a dozen. Sometimes he walked in Sal's shoes and sometimes in Mike's. He wore Mike's fishing coat or Sal's sack, whichever was handy; and as he never had had a looking-glass, he never knew how funny he looked. Yet as he had grown older, he had begun to think he would like to have a coat of his own.

Now at the cottage where he went to sell eggs, lived a lady, who had so many children in her house and so many weeds in her garden that she did not know for which to care first, but when she saw Joe with his eggs, an idea came into her head.

"If you will weed my garden and work for me all day, I will give you fifty cents," she said to him.

The boy stared at her. "You'll be after giving me fifty cents for old Mike?" he asked.

"No, for yourself, to get you shoes and coat," she replied.

Joe scratched his head, saying slowly, "I dun'no 'bout weeds. I can catch yer sculpins fer to make the hens lay."

"I'd rather buy your eggs and have you weed my garden, but would you rather be paid by the job?" she answered.

"I hain't never heard of working, 'cept by the job; if weeds ain't a job, you'd better pay me by the day."

The lady laughed and said, "I guess it will be better for you if I pay you by the day, and better for me if I pay you by the job; but I want you to have a coat all of your own, so I'll pay you by the day: come and try."

"How many weeds must I get 'fore I can have a new coat," asked Joe wonderingly.

The lady looked at him, wondering in her turn whether he were stupid or smart, but his innocent eyes convinced her that he knew neither the weariness nor the value of weeding. So she took him to her pansy-bed, and told him she would give him an hour in which to weed the circle. When she returned at the end of that time, she found the grassy edges of her pansy bed dotted with holes just the size of Joe's knees. The young, tender leaves of the pansies were gone, while the tall weeds, called Bouncing Bessies, were left at their full height. Joe, himself, was lying on his back, gazing into the sky. As she came up, he rolled over on his side, calling out:

"Say, ma'am, I've been a thinking and 'pears to me I can buy a new coat quicker, ef yer pays me by the job; weeding is most as spry as spearing sculpin."

"Oh Joe! you have done it all wrong," she said quickly. "It's likely so, ma'am, it was so easy," he answered.

Still Joe seemed to be sorry, but because Mrs. Trot was sorry. However, she took him to another bed and weeded with him for a while, until he suddenly stopped in his lazy part of the work, exclaiming, "Guess, ma'am, I'll work for you by the day."

"That's a bargain," replied Mrs. Trot. "You shall work for me the next two months, at fifty cents a day."

For weeks, Joe came every Tuesday, never making a mistake again about weeds, for he stuck little bits of paper upon any leaves which were new to him, until he could get a chance to ask Mrs. Trot concerning them when she came into the garden. At last one morning he failed to appear, so that when he did come the following week, Mrs. Trot told him that the weeds had grown very thick and tall in his absence, and that she had had to take care of them herself. "Why did you not come as you had promised?" she asked.

Joe shuffled about as he replied, "Old Mike he wanted his coat, and Old Sal she wanted her shoes; they were gone all day and I couldn't get to you, no how."

"Haven't you any coat and shoes of your own?" inquired the lady.

"No, 'course not; coat and shoes ain't much, when I eats all I want."

"Do you have a good time, Joe?" asked Mrs. Trot.

"Course I do. I haint got anything to trouble me; old Mike he's got lot of troubles. It's a bad fishing year and ther' aint no herrings this summer." Joe continued weeding and Mrs. Trot walked away thinking. That evening Joe's two months were ended, and as the lady paid him his four dollars, Joe said very sadly, "'Praps yer'll come next summer and have some more weeds, won't yer?"

"Why?" inquired Mrs. Trot.

"Cause I want ter get four dollars more for old Mike's coat. It costs eight dollars and here is half on to it. Nobody but yer gives me any work; they say I ain't worth troubling with; I can't git his coat next summer unless you come along."

"I shall come," replied the lady, "and shall make you my under-gardener, but as I don't want you and Mike to be cold until I get here, I've got a coat for Mike in this bundle, and a jacket for you, and some clothes for Sal;"—and she handed Joe a big bundle.

He stood still for a whole minute, then he picked up the garments one by one, turning them over and almost inside out; at least he thrust his hands into every pocket. Finally he sat down on the ground, drew the bundle up to him and tried to roll it up. But his hands trembled too much, the parcel was too big for him, and Mrs. Trot had to help him; yet Joe had not spoken.

"Well!" said she, her curiosity over his silence exceeding her patience.

"Well," said he slowly, "Is weeds worth all them clothes? My! won't old Mike and Sal say sunthing! Ain't it fun! My!"

The bundle was securely tied and Joe started homewards, with no other thanks spoken by him than those which his happy eyes told to Mrs. Trot.

K. G. WELLS.

PAPA was questioning the boys in history, the topic was Columbus.

Question. What made Columbus think there was a land on this side the ocean?

Answer (Willie aged nine): 'Cause he knew there was a land that side; anyone might know there had to be one this side as well.

"He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself, for every one has need to be forgiven."

OUR HEREDITY FROM GOD.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—At a meeting held at the Unitarian Headquarters, 175 Dearborn street, November 14th, arrangements were made to organize a Chicago Unitarian Club. There were present: Mesdames C. P. Woolley, G. F. Harding, E. E. Marean, S. C. L. Jones, W. C. Dow, F. S. Wilkinson, E. A. West, C. C. Warren and Miss Emma Dupee.

The following Constitution was adopted:

Art. I. The name of this society shall be the Chicago Unitarian Club.

Art. II. Its object shall be to promote the spirit of fellowship among the Unitarian churches, and co-operate with the Western Unitarian Conference in maintaining the central headquarters in Chicago.

Art. III. The officers of this club shall consist of a President and two Vice-Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer, and two directors from each of the Unitarian churches in Chicago. The ministers of these churches who are members of the Club shall also be directors *ex officio*, as shall also the Secretary of the Western Conference. The duties of these officers shall be such as pertain to these offices in similar organizations.

Art. IV. Any one may become a member of this Club by signing the constitution and the payment of the annual fee of two dollars.

The officers elected were: D. L. Shorey, president; Mrs. C. P. Woolley, first vice-president; John Wilkinson, second vice-president; Mrs. E. A. West, secretary; Eric Winters, treasurer.

Directors:—Mr. C. C. Cheney, Mrs. G. F. Harding, Gen. Horace Thomas, Mrs. W. C. Dow, Dr. E. L. Holmes, Mrs. J. S. Conger, Mr. J. F. Gardner, Mrs. E. E. Marean.

Mrs. C. C. Warren was requested to invite the Hinsdale society to join the Club. It was decided to hold the first meeting at the residence of Mr. John Wilkinson, 482 La Salle avenue, Thursday December 13th at 8 p. m. An invitation is extended to all persons wishing to join the Club, to attend this meeting and to become members.

It is intended that a literary as well as social treat will be furnished for its members.

MRS. E. A. WEST, Secretary.

Boston.—Last Sunday evening there was given to a full audience at the Globe theater the first of a series of four sermons offered by the Channing Club. Dr. William Everett gave distinct Unitarian views of God as

Father, of Jesus as son, and of humanity. November 25 Doctor Hale will preach on the "Christianity of the New Testament." December 2 Rev. Brooke Herford will preach on "The Origin of the Trinity Dogma." December 16 Rabbi Solomon Schindler and Rev. C. F. Dole will speak of "Unitarianism and Judaism."

—Last Monday evening a most interesting session of the Union of Superintendents and Sunday-school Teachers was held. Rev. C. F. Dole spoke about his manual, "The Citizen and Neighbor," and a lively discussion followed as to the value of such a study in a Sunday-school. It was admitted that the manual has lately grown much into favor east and west. The usual simple collation and a social hour added much to the pleasure of the occasion.

—Miss E. E. Gordon, of Sioux City, is improving her visit to Massachusetts by attending our local conferences, and answering questions about the western churches and charities. Next Thursday she will address a union meeting of the Suffolk branches of the Women's Auxiliary Conference on "The Greatest Needs of the Western Churches." The meeting will be held in the vestry of Rev. Minot J. Savage's church.

—The Monday Club this week discussed "Robert Elsmere the Agnostic."

—On Saturday afternoon Channing Hall was again filled by listeners who came to hear the fifth lecture of the "Teachers' Course." Prof. J. H. Allen gave an elegant and instructive essay on "German Theology of the last Half Century."

Cincinnati, Ohio.—The handsome new building of the Unitarian Society at Walnut Hills is nearing completion,—will be ready probably within three months. It looks both cosy and ecclesiastical, and the stone of which it is built is a wonder of beautiful color.

—The second church movement seems most promising. Congregation and Sunday-school increasing; the people very much in earnest, men, women and children taking hold with enthusiasm. At present the meetings are held in the old Universalist church, whose own people have ebbed away up hill to the suburbs. The old Unitarian and Universalist churches having both moved to these hill suburbs, three miles from the center, the great city on the flat, with 200,000 people in it, is practically left without a liberal church at hand. Thus a great opportunity and an evident duty has been opened. And when this second Unitarian church is fairly established, using that opportunity and doing that duty, the older liberal societies no less than the new must feel the good of it. Two sticks will make a better fire than one in such a city as Cincinnati.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Rev. H. M. Simmons, of the Unitarian church in Minneapolis, has recently, by invitation of the Y. M. C. A. of the University of Minnesota, given one of the lectures in the course for the season. Both students and faculty were pleased with the lecture, and saw nothing in it in the least alarming. But the orthodox ministers of the city who were not present discussed the matter with great warmth at their Monday meeting, one heated brother protesting against allowing Mr. Simmons to go over to the University and "blackguard orthodoxy and the Christ we worship." A committee was appointed to investigate the charges. The faculty of the institution, in which several orthodox denominations are represented, await its visit in great serenity of soul, but regretting the course the ministers have taken, "both for the cause of religion and for the sake of the university." The University of Minnesota is of necessity an unsectarian institution, and it is difficult to see what claim any body of ministers can have to prescribe either lecturers or topics for an association of students.

Philadelphia.—The First church starts this season with a gift of \$5000 for its Evening Home and Library Association, coming through Doctor Furness. Mr. May recently preached an earnest sermon on the organic connection between a real church and its good works which should be an inspiration to workers everywhere. This will probably be printed. The Spring Garden Society is in a state of painful suspense lest its valued leader should feel it right to accept the call to Doctor Clarke's church in Boston. Mr. Ames' departure would be a loss to the whole community.

—The Camden church must make good progress under so earnest and able a man as Mr. Corning.

Into Kansas.—Last week the senior editor lectured before the Unity Clubs of St. Joseph, Mo., Lawrence and Wichita, Kans., to good houses, and much interest was manifested, not only in the Unity Club work, but in the cause which UNITY stands for. He preached Sunday morning in Wichita and expected to take part in the deliberations of the Kansas Conference, but in this he was disappointed by the summons to return to the funeral of Mrs. Felix in Chicago, the loyal friend of all good words and works, of whom further notice is due at our hands and will appear in our next.

The Ramabai Mission.—Do not forget it. It is needed. "According to the census of 1880-1, the last one taken, there were at that time 20,980,626 widows in India, of whom 669,000 were under 19 years of age, and 278,900 under 14 years. According to the native custom, none of these widows are at liberty to marry again. The same census gave the total female population as 99,700,000, and of these only 200,000 were able to read."

Wichita, Kans.—The Western Secretary and Jenkin Lloyd Jones represented the Western Conference at the Kansas Conference which convened on Monday evening, November 19. Mr. Jones preached the opening sermon. Mr. Bachelor, of Boston, was also in attendance upon the conference.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, November 25, services at 11 A. M. Study Section of the Fraternity, November 30; subject, Tower of London.

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday, November 25, services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, November 25, services at 10:45 A. M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, November 25, services at 11 A. M.; Subject, The "Spiritual Leadership of Jesus Christ." What does it consist in? Monday, November 26, Unity Club, Novel section. Bible Class, 7:30 Friday evening.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, November 25, services at 10:45 A. M.

THE CHICAGO INSTITUTE. Third Lecture by Rabbi Hirsch, will be postponed until Thursday, December 6.

There are two causes why your breath is offensive: One is you have the first stages of catarrh, though you may not know it. Another reason is you do not clean your teeth properly. If you will cure your catarrh by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and clean your teeth carefully by using Hood's Tooth Powder, your breath will be sweet and your general health better.

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"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may."

No close observer of human affairs can gain-say the poet as above quoted. The close observer aforesaid must have noted, however, that there are many persons who seem to think that their ends will be shaped without any "rough hewing" on their part. How much nobler is it for young men to strike boldly out to build well their own characters under God's guidance. To all who aspire to do a good work and do it well, we say write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., who will give you helpful suggestions.

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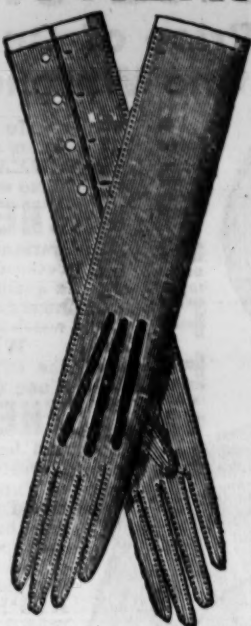
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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Days Serene. By Margaret Macdonald Pullman. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Cloth, price.....\$5.00
Wit and Humor: their Use and Abuse. By William Mathews. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Cloth, pp. 397. Price.....\$1.50
The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane. By Frank Barrett. New York: Cassell & Co., 104 and 106 Fourth avenue. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Paper, pp. 352. Price.....50c.
The Astonishing History of Troy Town. By Q. New York: Cassell & Co. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Paper, pp. 308. Price.....25c.

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WANTED. Rev. C. M. Wendte desires to obtain back numbers of *Unity* to complete his files, as follows:

Vol. XVI. Nos. 17, 22, 25.
Vol. XVII. Nos. 12, 13, 16, 26.
Vol. XX. Nos. 4, 6, 7.
Vol. XXI. Nos. 13, 25.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

All books sent for notice by publishers will be promptly acknowledged under this heading. Further notice must be conditional on the state of our columns and the interests of our readers. Any book in print will be mailed on receipt of price by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Miss Parloa's New Cook Book. By Maria Parloa. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Paper, pp. 56.
"Robert Elsmere." A New Light on His Problems. By Rev. L. P. Mercer. Chicago: Western New Church Union, 17 E. Van Buren street. Paper, pp. 37. Price.....15c.
Lamartine's Meditations. Edited, with Biographical Sketch and Notes, by George O. Curme, A. M. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Cloth, pp. 179.
Goethe's Torquato Tasso. Edited by Calvin Thomas. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Cloth, pp. 181.
Two Gentlemen of Boston. A Novel. Boston: Ticknor & Company. Paper, pp. 481. Price.....50c.
An Introduction to German at Sight. By Eugene H. Babbitt. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Paper, pp. 29.
Flowers and Fruit. From the Writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Arranged by Abbie H. Fairfield. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 198. Price.....\$1.00
Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers. By Lucia T. Ames. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 337. Price.....\$1.50

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